

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.
 EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commandant.



"THE FEAR OF MAN BRINGETH A SNARE."

Many a life of usefulness is crippled through fear of public opinion. Thank God there is Salvation from the fear of man.

From all the care of what men think or say,
 Cleansing for me;
 From ever fearing to speak, sing or pray,
 Cleansing for me;

Jesus, although I may not understand,
 In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,
 And through Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand,
 Cleansed by Thee.—THE COMMANDANT.

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Gazette of
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HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

ACHAN'S SIN.

Joshua vi.

Achan's Temptation.

JERICHO had just been taken. The spoil—that is, the money, possessions, clothing, etc., of the city—lay thick about the ruined streets. He can easily imagine the great temptation to disobey the command of God and gather up a few special treasures. Achan should have prayed especially for grace. Perhaps the reason he fell was because he neglected to call upon the Lord that morning.

Oh What a Wonderful Help is Prayer!

Verses 4. Instead of returning from Ai a conquering army they were a defeated army. God sometimes sends trouble in order to teach us some valuable lesson. It was a severe blow to the Children of Israel. Notice later part of verses 5 and verse 6.

Joshua's Beautiful Prayer.

Verses 7. Joshua prays about it. The best thing he could have done. See how he goes right to God's heart when he says, "And what wilt Thou do unto Thy great name?" Verse 8. He ought not, nevertheless, to have got so discouraged and faithless. See latter part of verse 7.

Verses 9. God speaks to Joshua and seems displeased on this account. He tells Joshua the fearful secret about Achan's sin. Look up St. Luke xii, 2, 3.

Notice that one man's sin caused defeat to a nation. So will one wicked Junior spoil the whole company. One drop of ink will discolor a glass of water, but one drop of water won't make a glass of ink clear. Sin is a terrible thing. Don't play with it. Run away.

Verses 12. God must have clean people before He can give success. Sin must be cast out.

The Sinner Exposed.

Verses 13 and 14. He gives distinct and definite orders to Joshua how to find out the guilty sinner. It is very particular on this point. Imagine the feelings when his turn draws near! How guilty will sinners feel at the Judgment Bar.

Verses 15. See Deuteronomy xvii, 5. This was the way of punishing evil-doers in these days. It was kept up even in New Testament days. Witness the stoning of Stephen the Martyr. Acts vii, 54-60.

Verses 17 and 18. Joshua obeys the command of God and Achan stands condemned before the whole nation. Truly his netter pleasure was a short one. The stolen treasures were not enjoyed long. Sin's happiness is always short-lived.

Achan Tells the Sad Story.

Verses 19 and 21. Achan confesses. It was too late, though. God's sentence had been passed upon him. He only confesses his sin because he is found out. God is only pleased with sincere, heartfelt repentance. We should not wait till found out before we confess our sins.

Verses 21. "Two hundred shekels of silver," equal to \$32,000; fifty shekels of gold," equal to \$400. Dwell on the wonderfully deceptive attractiveness of riches. Mention the "gold fever." Show how God and His eternal riches are slow but sure seeking. See Matt. vi, 20.

God Destroys All.

Verses 24. Everything perished. God shares nothing with those who stand in his beauty and value. Even his own sons and daughters perished. Speak upon the fearful consequences of sin upon those who have influence over. The drunkard causes his home and children to suffer, the wicked king his nation, and the false preacher leads souls to ruin.

Verses 25. "A great heap of stones." Doubtless to mark the spot and to be a perpetual reminder to future generations of God's displeasure.

Justice was meted out, the wicked had been punished, so "the Lord turned from the fierceness of His anger." God's never-failing justice and righteousness must always punish sin. This explains the necessity for the great Judgment Day. "The Valley of Achor," that is, "the valley of trouble." "Unto this day." Unto the day Joshua wrote that part of the book.

Leading Thoughts.

1. The attractiveness of sin.
2. One sin brings defeat.
3. When in trouble pray—don't grumble.
4. Sin will find you out.
5. Sin must be punished.
6. Confession may sometimes come too late.

Questions.

1. What city had just been taken?

Fit Bits from Miss Booth's Talks.

These parts of the people whose work is the salvation of souls do not give the poor sinners at the nearest time half enough time to confess their sins to God.

Some of our great officers, especially in Roman Catholic countries like France, have come to the penitent form as often as twenty-six times.

God have mercy on the man who can bear of sorrow without sympathizing.

Fasten on some notorious character, and for his salvation fasten on God until you get him converted.

When I was a field officer I pinned up over my desk my plan of work for the next day right through until 10 or 10:30 at night. It was there for guidance, signed by myself and the Lieutenant.

A dying man said of me, after he noticed I had turned up my sleeves and scrubbed his floor, "I believe in her religion, she don't jaw—she does."

Some people have hearts which are as cold as Niagara in winter. Be watchful that yours is not one of this kind.

A man attacked me some time ago with the text which refers to Pharisees praying at the street corners to be seen of men, as an argument against our open-air work. I told him that neither praying at the street corners or anywhere else should be done with the motive of being seen of men.

More heroic incidents are not recorded in the Bible than some stories that have been told me of our local officers.

We are shepherds of the flock, when they are in trouble to whom should they turn but to us?

Mind you don't kill in attempting to cure. The sheep will not follow a stranger, the Bible and nature say so, therefore, be acquainted with your people.

I want my officers in every particular to be examples to the world.

2. What was God's command to Joshua?

3. Why was it a sin for Achan to take the gold etc.?

4. How were people put to death in these days?

5. Where was Achan stoned?

6. What lesson can you learn from Achan?

7. What is sin?

8. What is salvation?

Memory Text.

"I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel."

The Tibbury News makes a very kindly reference to the West Ontario Music Band, and says among other things:—"The instrumental selections by the Band as a whole, and the individual playing on the guitar, mandolin, violin, auto-harp, etc., were simply grand."

Father Miles, Barrie, has read every War Cry for the last twelve years. Says it never was as good as it is now. "The last two years this has been particularly noticeable. It is intellectual for the mind and spiritual for the soul. Generally instructive for both. Selections and otherwise." He nearly cites every word in it, and thinks the Honor Roll for War Cry sellers a great encouragement. Sell War Cry at a place called Edenvale.

One more of the hardest of the world, but if it is not a great blessing, it is a great curse. All those who are sent shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

The world has never yet said, "I never will be saved from a public platform."

If you want to immortalize your name visit the poor, the sick and the sinner.

Do you complain of an empty penitent form? Go and get somebody saved in a kitchen and some soul will soon be crying for mercy at the penitent form. Do as a lassie did here in Toronto recently. She led a man to the Cross at a street corner.

"Have you ever sold War Cry on the street, Miss Booth?" has been a question frequently asked. "Yes, thousands, in all places, under all circumstances, and at all times. There was a day when I had the honor of being champion War Cry seller of the Army."

It is impossible for God to have full control of a life and not make His mark on every expression of that life.

Do plenty of knocking at the door of Heaven.

The man who has got ability to inspire others has one of the greatest gifts of God to man.

A thousand sermons are forgotten—personal word, never.

Love begets love—love begets love—sympathy begets sympathy.

I knew an officer who won a city through putting a feather into his back and carrying it three miles to a place for a poor woman to die on.

God has put the soldiers of the Salvation Army in one of the dearest places of our heart.

These parts of the world's catastrophes are the result of hate—want of love.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN WAR CRY SELLING.

Approved by General William's Training School.

Know what is in the paper yourself. Pray about it. Be in faith that God will help you. Be cheerful and tell them of something that you think will interest them, something that is in the Cry of course. Speak of the work the Army is doing. How the selling of the War Cry helps to support it. Speak to them about their soul. Be neat and tidy. Be businesslike, and filled with the Spirit of Jesus.—E. M. Hookin, Cadet.

1. Do lots of praying about it. 2. Be able to tell the people what is in it. 3. Be persistent. 4. Be cheerful. 5. Be kind to the children, if there are any.—Minnie Goldberg.

First read it and know what is in it. Then go in faith that God will help you and open the way for you. Go as if you were on business, not merely as if you were out to put in the time, but be thorough, not trifling in any way.—Sarah Larmour, Cadet.

The best plan I have struck yet is to pray about it, ask God to help me, read the War Cry, know what is in it, tell the people what is in it, let them see the pictures and the headings of the places. Go cheerfully.—Grace Crogo, Cadet.

COSMOPOLITAN PERSONALIA.

The Commander addressed 1,000 prisoners at Bagin Quinter.

The Consul entertained the children of National Headquarters at the Municipal Building, New York, for a Christmas treat.

Lieut. Colonel Brans is touring through Northern Michigan.

Joe the Turk, had some rather rough handling the other day at Lyons. The rouchs laid wait for him after the meeting. However, the irrepressible Joe is recovering.

Major and Mrs. Parker are appointed Social Secretaries for New England.

The Commander was given a great reception at Chicago by 2,000 people.

Major Edith Marshall, who has just completed a tour of duty for Christmas, before entering Brigadier Streeton's Division.

Major Allen had a delightful week-end at New Brampton in connection with the Naval and Military League. One of the features was a "Sea Festival."

Commissioner Howard and Major Moss landed in England in time for Christmas. The Commissioner speaks in glowing language of the devotion and loyalty of our native officers in India, and the courage of all in the famine distress.

OUR MAIL BAG.

Capt. Arthur Howe, who left here some months ago, writes from Auburn, N. Y.: "I am still fighting for God. We have been in America about seven months, and must say that we have enjoyed the fight. Well, Americans are all right. The opportunities for doing good are great. My anxiety and prayers still continue for my old comrades in the war. God bless you all."

Adj. and Mrs. Arlett write: "We had a short stay with Brigadier Streeton at the base of the 10th Anniversary of our much loved Army in Canada, and in a few days we were off and across the Blue Mountains. My health is improving very much. You will please forgive me for not coming in to see you the morning I came away. I was so tired and felt so weak I had not much chance to see any person, but your hoping the change would be a blessing to us. We receive you every week and read the news and rejoice to see the victories won. Mrs. Arlett has been in the Canadian field twelve and a half years, and has been stationed as far West as Charlottetown, P. E. I., which she opened in March, 1888. Also Hinton, Canada (N. B.) North Head (N. B.) later, Calgary. I have been in the West and rode the bronco thousands of miles on the mountains of the wildest, roughest and most dangerous places that a man could go, holding meetings with the cow-boys, miners and ranchmen. Was stationed in Manitoba in the early days of the Army and saw some cold days, also felt some. Since our union we have been in Ontario over four years, and at present we have a nice little corps in Buffalo and like it very much. We find plenty to do and our souls are still consecrated to the service of God and the Salvation Army, to work, watch and pray to help reform the time and help for whom Jesus died. God bless you much. Yours in spirit, Adj. and Mrs. Arlett."

Great things are done by men who have learnt to do little things well.

Give up anything for Christ, but don't give up Christ for anything.

You want to be Christlike here for you want to be like Christ hereafter.

A publican is never so happy as when his spirits are steadily going down.

You must answer for your riches, but your riches cannot answer for you.

There may be a wrong way to do a right thing, but never a right way to do a wrong thing.

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THE GENERAL HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

Words and Music by Bro. Sims, Temple Corps, Toronto.

(Sung in a solo, not too quickly.)

1. Have you heard the joyful news, Along the Yellow, Red and Blues? It's the talk they tell me, far and near, Spend no time
2. Help us greet the General Man, Auli- or of that famous plan, That is saving Jones from dirt and beer, Come and
3. See, the Heavenly Chales will blow, And the Living Waters flow, And the Glo-ry Land will come so near, There'll be

and up on a Cav, And the rousing fact you'll spy, That we're going to have the GEN(ER)AL here! Now don't flout your Sunday clothes, Or turn
don't forget your burr, For I'm sure you might do worse, Than be gen(ER)ous when the GEN(ER)AL'S here! As there'll be so much ex-pense, Do those
sinners finding rest, And back sliders get-ting blessed, At the FOUNTAIN while the GEN(ER)AL'S here! If you still are Sa-Tan's slave, Braving

up that downy nose, Even tho' you may suppose, He's so queer! If you hustle for a seat, You may count up on a treat, At the Army while the GEN(ER)AL'S here!
use your common sense, Make it sil-ver, don't give peace, Don't be near! For we're in for a big GO, And Old Nick won't show, He'll eat pepper while the GEN(ER)AL'S here!
Be it be-ward, the GEN(ER)AL, (and hear our lead-er browe, He'll be clear) For he calls a Spade a Spade, Don't you be the least a-fraid, You'll get caught while the GEN(ER)AL'S here!

CHORUS - Quick March. (Sung in a chorus.)

f Good Old General! Dear Old General! We all wel-come you! With our Leaders to the fore, We're marching on to War, Nash the Army Yellow, Red and Blue!

NOTE: As the space is limited, this is arranged in dotted quavers. Good taste will direct the necessary variations.
C. S. "Paper" will occur as being.

THE PACIFIC'S SELF-DENIAL FIGHT AND VICTORY.

The West is All Right—A Splendid Record—Fought Under Unusual Difficulties.

THE dying echoes of the Harvest Festival (March 1914) are still ringing in the ears of the Pacific Self-Denial Campaign, and called every officer to prepare for action.

It must not be supposed that gold is set even in the golden West without toll of brain and sweat of brow, even among the hardy miners, much less among God's tireless workers for the welfare of soul and body. Of course there are parasites and leeches, who live on the ignorance, sins and sorrows of the people, but these are a disgrace to the community.

The Campaign was entered upon in the enthusiastic and hopeful spirit, characteristic of the Pacific officers, and but for their quiet reserve many stories could be told, which would make very interesting reading—accounts of visits to mining camps, long journeys, fifty and a hundred "drives" into the "back" country, villages, days and nights of hard walking, etc. All endured and gloried in for Jesus' sake.

Nor do we forget, or lightly esteem, the same devotion and tireless effort on the part of our local officers and soldiers through whose

Nearly Co-operation the Victory was won.

To a few of our D. O.'s it was their first S-D battle, but they distinguished themselves very well—well to do better next year no doubt.

A tour was planned whereby almost every corps in the Division would be visited, either by the P. O. or myself, but, alas, the elements played "hide and seek" with us both. It was the first visit of the P. O. to Mount Vernon since it had been transferred to us, and he was very anxious to get there. This was impossible by train; nothing daunted, however, he hired a rig to drive, but learned when some miles on the way, amidst drenching rain, that the dyke had burst—the bridge and highway were washed away—and Mount Vernon was under water. He was therefore reluctantly obliged to retreat.

The writer had arranged a tour to visit nine corps in two weeks, and after desperate attempts succeeded in visiting only three. It would take up too much valuable space to recount the experiences of this trip, which was best known to the writer, but it is not the most agreeable experience to find himself in a little way-side junction at 2:30 a. m. in a blinding snow-storm, to be told there had been a wash-out and no train for three or four days—which means a week. Telegraph wires gone, bridges washed away, landslides, etc., and about two hundred miles away from home. Difficulties in other ways confronted us.

Through some cause or other

No S-D Matter Arrived

for three districts; this caused postponements and delays and quite a few corps reached their targets after all, collecting hundreds of dollars without even a collecting card, poster, dogger, or appeal of any sort excepting the wonderful, irresistible appeal of a Christ-inspired soul, which after all is the most powerful. Still all these things had to be met. Other corps suffered, but as will be seen by the following brief notes the Pacific came out alright. To God be all the glory.

Two lay it at His feet and march on to renewed onslaught on the devil's kingdom and the salvation of souls.

I.	Our target	\$2,550.
II.	Raised over target	\$113.41.

Districts.

District.	D. O.	Amount.
B. C. Coast, Adjt. Phillips		\$105.93
Spokane, Staff-Capt. Watson		672.56
Kootenai, Ensign Woodruff		415.00
Helena, Ensign Badington		420.55
Butte, Adjt. Barnes		339.80
Livingston, Ensign Wale		226.90
New Whatcom, Ensign Barr		68.00
Alaska corps, Capt. Stagers		50.00
Total		\$2,034.41

B. C. Coast District.

British Columbia has gained an enviable reputation throughout the District for genuine liberality. It is not surprising, therefore, to find it the champion District of the Division.

Adjt. and Mrs. Phillips started the ship and left no stone unturned to achieve this magnificent result.

Adjt. and Mrs. Ayre, of Vancouver, did splendidly, raising \$50 in the corps, while Ensign and Mrs. Patterson raised \$134. The Ministerial Association took up the matter, and collections were made in all the churches, thus raising the above noble sum. God bless the Ministerial Association of Vancouver. Say, "Amen." Plucky New Westminster army reached the Historic City—Vancouver.

Cadet-Capt. and Mrs. Brown reached their target in spite of difficulties. Victoria Shelter raised \$50.

Spokane District

The opening of the Shelter in Spokane was the incentive of its noble effort of \$200. Ensign Walton and Capt. Batley's tireless efforts, coupled with innumerable pick, accomplished this victory.

Capt. Woodman collected \$75 for the Rescue Home. Well done, Captain. Capt. Moffatt, of Kalspell, went over her target, and at Moscow Capt. Shoard reached his target also, collecting \$42 himself.

Helena District.

This District was commanded by one of our young and promising D. O's—Ensign Badington. She not only went over her own target, but each corps in the District reached its, and two over. Ensign Miller, of Missoula, and Capt. McFee, of Great Falls, also Capt. Lester, of Helena, deserve special honorable mention, also their assistants.

Butte District.

The District was doomed to disappointment and delay caused by the non-arrival of S-D matter from Headquarters. This was most unfortunate indeed, and affected the District considerably. Still the Corps, Zieharth, without a collecting card even, went over their target and raised \$135.

Livingston District.

Ensign Wale reached her targets, and the District did very well. Ensign Fitzpatrick raised \$150 at Bozeman. Livingston and Bozeman are all right.

Kootenai District.

One of our new D. O's, Ensign Woodruff, assisted by Capt. Wilkie, commanded this rich mining district, and did magnificently, raising \$75 in Rossland, while Ensign Elverson and Capt. Southall, of Nelson, raised \$200. It will be evident that \$475 for two corps is no small accomplishment. Well done, comrades.

New Whatcom District.

Lieuts. Harris and Prentice held the fort in New Whatcom and collected \$50, and Capt. Quail, of Mount Vernon, \$15. These two corps comprising this District are the recent transferees in exchange for Boise City, Idaho.

Alaska.

Capt. Stagers and Lieut. Thorildsen, Alaska, did \$50 in Juneau.

Thus ended the S-D effort of 1917. Bravely undertaken and cheerfully done. It is impossible to mention everyone, or else many soldiers would come in for worthy mention, but the least done in His name will be reckoned by the Master as done to Him and for Him.

J. WATSON.

PRAYER IS ONLY ANSWERED FOR CHRIST'S GLORY.

THE SIEGE FEBRUARY 20th THE SIEGE
TO
APRIL 20th.

REFLECT

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The General's Trans-Continental

A SERIES OF SPLENDID FIGHTS AND GLORIOUS VICTORIES

Canada Shows Her Appreciation of Our Great General and His Work.

HALIFAX.

Blissard Without, Blessings Within.

SEVENTY SURRENDER FOR A FREE LIE AND A FULL SALVATION.

Stirring Lessons in Salvation Fighting.



THE GENERAL landed in and left the city of Halifax in a biting fierce blizzard—one newspaper stating that for severity it was the worst experienced for some years. As that may be, it was sufficient to deny the train on Friday night, and thus postpone for thirty minutes, the beginning of the General's welcome in the Royal Academy of Music. It only served, however, to heighten the feverish desire of the officers and soldiers to see their General, and the vast audience to more enthusiastically welcome the man whose name is bound up with so much that is benevolent and hopeful for the future.

Halifax was consequently in a fine mood to receive the General. Our standing in the city is higher than it has been for years. The Rescue and Shelter work has dispelled prejudice and made our purpose clear to the many people who determined their attitude toward us by what they see in a stray winter's evening—such as a few Salvationists standing near a saloon singing heartily a song of salvation, or shouting a warning appeal to a cot of apparently listless loungers.

The atmosphere of the Academy of Music was warm—spiritually warm I mean. Men's faces were wreathed in smiles. The women-soldiers waved hands, kerchiefs, and the friends, who included a large number of ministers and leading citizens, saluted the General in the heartiest manner. The Honorable Mr. McIntosh presided. He was supported by the Mayor and other citizens.

Preliminaries were dispensed with. The General was on his feet seven minutes after he took his chair on the stage, ready for business. The vociferous cheering at once gave place to a silence, which was a more telling tribute to the interest of the people in his message, than were the plaudits of a few minutes before. The General was in excellent form. He

felt the contagion of an intensely sympathetic people. He had his notes on the speaking desk, but he captivated everyone. One of the papers reporting this meeting said:

"The enthusiasm among the Salvationists, as their great leader, upon whom the signs of advancing age are growing, came before them for the third time was pleasing and touching, showing how heartily is their service and how honest their devotion."

"General Booth spoke for over an hour, in which he traced out the achievements of the Army on which he appealed to the audience to judge the merits of the institution. He then showed the work of the Army spiritually and socially and demonstrated not only the widening popularity of the movement, but the great progress of its social work."

"Mr. Burgoyne characterized the General as a real millionaire in a speech moving a vote of thanks. Being a millionaire doesn't mean necessarily the possession of dollars; one can possess richly other things and thereby be a millionaire. And so it was that General Booth was a real Christian millionaire. The enlightenment which the audience had received must have been the inspiration invoked at the beginning of the meeting, which the audience must infinitely take away with them."

"Mr. McIntosh, before the close of the meeting, made a few statements in correction of a popular misapprehension. It was generally supposed that the work of the Army consisted of simply mending the streets, headed by a band, and attending the meetings in the barracks on Brunswick street."

"The chairman then gave a brief sketch of the local work of the Salvation Army referring to the 'Social operations', and also the spiritual in terms of earnest praise."

"The General responding to the vote of thanks, regretted the absence of his daughter, our beloved Commissioner, through illness, and then moved a vote of thanks to the chairman which he also seconded. The audience showed their approval by a display of both hands."

THE SOLDIERS OF HALIFAX.

The General was impressed with them. Liberty of spirit—display of uniform, de-

votion and earnestness, prayer, enthusiasm in singing, and beautiful countenances—were, when they are bound together, almost irrefragable signs of the true Blood and Right Spirit.

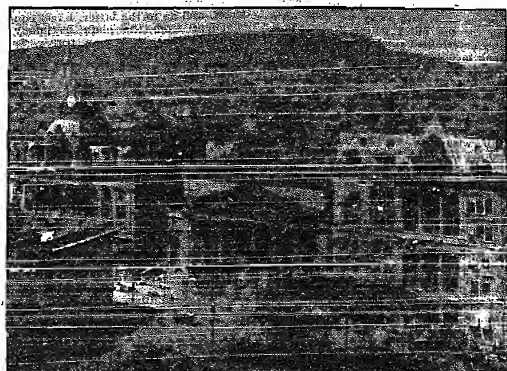
The 300 to 400 soldiers who assembled in No. 1 Barracks on Saturday night, deserve this verdict on them at least.

But the General is too wise a general to imagine that appearances indicate everything. Had they ALL clean hearts? Were they ALL filled with a tender, sensitive holy passion for souls? Were they ALL living up to the light God had given them?

old, and young ladies in mantles, old and young gentlemen in furs—the streets, the snow-ploughs, and a thousand and one other evidences.

If the writer had been a Gentle he wouldn't have ventured out on Sunday morning—no, not if Pontius Pilate had been, or expected to lecture on "What is Truth?"

The writer looked into one of the most fashionable and popular churches in the city on Sunday night to study the effect of the blizzard on it. The sight of it refrigerated him—there were fifteen worshippers present, and he only recovered his equilibrium when he got inside the



PART OF MONTREAL FROM TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME

These questions were in the background of the General's talk—although long before he got to them the occasion was made the very most of for encouraging their faith, inspiring hope, and cheering them on in the battle. There were flashes of pure wit and apt humor in the General's address, which just delighted the merry hearts of the soldiers, but they were equally sober and solemn when the General used the salvation plough to get at the motive and purity of their consecration.

Of course the penitent form was made bare for definite work, and under a battery of song led by the versatile Colonel, it was soon crowded with sincere, sorrowful convicted sinners, and one or two for salvation. For somehow you can always reckon upon a stray friend crossing the threshold of a soldiers' council who has not the "wedding garment" on.

Some of those who knelt for purity were very interesting. Several belonged to the recent converts of No. 1 corps, some sought deliverance from temper, pride, and fear of man, while a proportion admitted that they were confirmed backsliders. The number was forty-three in all—a total which seemed very nearly to exhaust the actual need of the meeting—a reflection which speaks well for the present spiritual state of the corps. Long may it continue to flourish on these lines.

A COLD SUNDAY

And What Happened.

The writer of this is an Englishman by adoption, and a Scotchman by birth. He is not given to exaggeration. But he admits that he may be in danger of over-estimating the effect of the blizzard on the crowds that gathered three times to hear the General next day (Sunday) in the Academy of Music. He therefore falls back upon indisputable testimony. Everybody said that Halifax was under a blizzard all day—a newspaper reporter assured him that it was the severest in the history of the city for three years. This was supported by the press next day, the registering of the thermometer and the shivering, chilled look of the pedestrians in the streets, old and young

Academy of Music where 800 people were being held spell-bound by the General's matchless and arrow-like preaching on Death, and Judgment, and Eternity.

But back to the chronological order of things.

The morning's meeting was well attended and eight came forward, including a soldier who related very stoutly God's call to sacrifice the night before. The afternoon's meeting was mighty. The General was merciless in his description of the people who had the world in one hand and tried to keep Christianity in the other. The gentleman with whom the General was billeted declared it to be the most fearless exposition of truth as it affects human motive, that he had ever listened to. The sight of the people as they sat nailed by the power of God to their seats was at times oppressive. Three yielded. "I wonder even at that number doing so," remarked an officer in a spirit which we have no wish to impugn, "for the Christianity which the General has been calling the people to embrace is almost foreign to what they are taught, and I mean no reflection on anyone; the General preached it as a possibility, others as an ideal."

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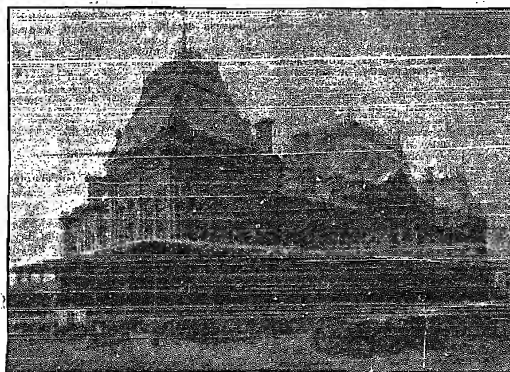
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BOVAVENTURE DEPOT, C.T.R. STATION, MONTREAL.

Continental Campaign.

OUS VICTORIES

old and young ladies in minuet and young gentlemen in furs—the streets, the snow-ploughs, and a thousand and one other evidences.

If the writer had been a Gentle he wouldn't have ventured out on Sunday morning—no, not if Pontius Pilate had been advertised to lecture on "What's Truth?"

The writer looked into one of the most fashionable and popular churches in the city on Sunday night to study the effect of the blizzard on it. The sight of it refrigerated him—there were fifteen worshippers present, and he only recovered his equilibrium when he got inside the

Country corps, a young prodigal-looking man, on the top of the left area, facing against the General to his marshal-in-arms, Colonel Lawley, who, in a low, hoarse voice, said: "He gets no further—the man referred to yields—the General sinks into his chair." The hand plucked-up spirit, the fishers renewed their fishing with fresh spirit, and two more yielded.

And then a fourth came crying—a right to warm hearts in Heaven above and earth beneath.

But still the ex-bandman and ex-Sergeant-Major are not out.

The night continues in prayer and singing. The General descends the stage, offers his hand to the ex-leader, tears, tears, but no surrenders.

Discouraged but not defeated, the General returns to the stage. Commissioner Nicol also starts after General's caps, but with a piece of searching counsel, and then two are left from the dress circle to the punters' form, but still the ex's are under the shadow of the General's.

What's to be done?

No, no, no! OUBLED more!

Two more yield.

The Halifax soldiers are jubilant! Another yield.

At which time the General's "light" so loud as to make the theatre "echo" again and again and again. It was fine. It sent the Heavenly electricity through us, and there was scarcely a whisper in the place who did not catch the holy sailing contagion.

"This is a splendid fight," remarked Colonel Lawley.

But why the noise?

Oh, the ex-bandman is on his knees. Next day the General, before stepping on to the stage for Montreal, was informed that the ex-Sergeant-Major also yielded while the doctor was being sung for the 24th time.

A cold Sunday!—Yes, certainly—for the devil!

MONTREAL.

The General speaks to 500 Students of the McGill University.

A BRILLIANT GATHERING ARRIVES TO HEAR OUR LEADER EXPOUND HIS SOCIAL SCIENCE.

A Superb Oration for Souls—Victory.

THE GENERAL reached the City of Montreal on Tuesday, from Halifax, three hours late. The blizzard had, as we then learned, been quite general over the Dominion, and as we drove from the hotel to Brigadier Sharp's private quarters, the sight which met the eye of the General's party was both novel and

interesting. Piled on either side of the street were blocks of snow from four to seven feet high. Iceless yards long were suspended from the eaves of houses. Pedestrians were adorned in the most comfortable of winter garb. The same gave beauty and sparkle to gorgeous battlements and fortifications which boys and girls had erected in the morning, and as they rolled and tumbled in the snow-heap, jumped and snow-balled each other, it was evident that the storm had brought with it recreation to the rising generation. And as we drove on we learned that it had also brought relief to a large number of unemployed, for no less than 1,500 wagons and 3,000 men were employed clearing the thoroughfares. Would it interfere with the crowds? was naturally a question that was soon addressed to Brigadier Sharp. "Not in the least," was his verdict, and on the whole it proved correct.

The General had received a message in the car a few hours before his arrival, that his daughter, our beloved Companion, would meet him in Montreal, and as he crossed the Brigadier's threshold, she was the first to greet him. The scene was affecting. The Plain Commissioner who had had a most restful and painful night's journey from Toronto, looked haggard and distressed. The prolonged mental and physical agony had left their marks, and as she put her right arm around the General, her left rested in a leather sling. Both father and daughter were moved by powerful emotion. "If I am not able to be present at all the meetings," she had wired her father, "I can be near you," and in that spirit this noble-hearted soldier-woman at last took her place on the battlefield in this Campaign.

The General opened his work in Montreal, by addressing 200 students of the McGill University, in the James Ferrier Hall of the Wesleyan College. The Rev. Principal Shaw presided, and he was supported by the Rev. Messrs. Courtnai, Fustible, Harris, Patterson, Clapham, Dr. Gruchy, Profs. Harris, Huntley and Rev. Principal McVicar, of the Presbyterian College. Throughout a happy spirit prevailed, the young students frequently breaking loose from the conventional sobriety and demeanor, and laughing at the General's remarks, and the elder pillars of the Church enjoying it in their own less boisterous manner.

Our friend, Dr. Shaw, was very choicely in his introductory and loving remarks. He said with deep feeling, for instance, that "The association of the hour would be a life-long inspiration to the young men present. He was animated by admiration for the S. A., and held that General Booth was independent of the ecclesiastical authorization of Pope, Conference or Assembly, for God Himself had given his approval to the work of the Salvation Army."

The General's address occupied an hour. Referring to it the Herald observed that when the General stood up before the young men of the College, he said that he liked young men because he was still a young man himself. But his youthfulness must have been a youthfulness of spirit alone, for of late the lines of age have been marking more deeply the face of the veteran Salvationist. The long hair is scantier and grayer than it was



"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL PRESIDED, AND WAS ACCOMPANIED BY HER LADYSHIP THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN."

before, and the tall shoulders a trifle more stooped, the high, broad forehead more wrinkled, and the strange emotional grey eyes more sunken. The General's voice was, perhaps, a trifle feeble and husky, but he had lost none of the nervy posture and old habit of prompt action and firmness of step.

The General, in rising, thanked Dr. Shaw for the relations which the learned doctor had attempted to establish between the Salvation Army and Methodism, at which there was a general laugh. "But I do think," continued the General, smiling, "that the Methodists made a great mistake when they got rid of me. But I guess it's just about as good for God! I am more use on the outside than I ever would have been on the inside. That makes very little difference. No man on earth can do a good thing without all people benefitting by it—whether they are inside or outside a church."

After completing a striking outline of an ideal Salvationist, General Booth concluded by exhorting the students present to recognize that they still had their lives before them, and to make the most of their privileges and opportunities.

Prof. Ross, of the Presbyterian College, thanked the General on behalf of the undergraduates and Prof. George, of the Congregational College, seconded the resolution of thanks.

The General remained for a short time in the parlors of the College, and conversed with some of the ministers and Professors.

The General Commissioner was not able to be present at this gathering. We learned that one of the Doctors of Divinity has a son a Captain in our work, and another a daughter.

COD'S STANDING ARMY.

The Advance of the Salvation Army.

WE take the following account of the next, and in the popular sense of the word, the event of the General's visit to the city, from the Montreal Daily Witness:

"General William Booth received an enthusiastic greeting at the St. James' Methodist Church last evening, where he was announced to speak on the Salvation Army and its work. Mr. George Hague presided in the absence of Hon. Mr. Sifton, whom important business detained."

"The General was also supported on the platform by Commissioner Eva Booth, the Rev. Dr. Shaw, the Rev. J. W. Clapham, and the Rev. W. H. Sparling."

"General Booth sketched the work from the time when there was only one person engaged in it, in the East End of London, thirty-two years ago. The movement passed into Scotland, crossed the Channel into Ireland, then went to France and Switzerland, and from Switzerland passed to Belgium, where it had a small population. It had gone to Holland, and spread itself over that country; had gone to Germany, where it had many difficulties with the police, where confidence it had now more or less secured, and where, in Belgium alone, there were now something like sixteen corps. It passed into Scandinavia, Denmark and Finland, right up to the walls of St. Petersburg. It had come further

north still, right away beyond Iceland, and as he told his geographical friends sometimes, if they did not hurry up the Army would get to the North Pole before they did."

"It had gone into Asia, with its infinitely interesting millions of Hindoos to Japan and Java, and away to Australia and New Zealand. It had gone through the United States, through the West Indies, and elsewhere; into South Africa, right away up among the gold mines of the Transvaal, and the kraals of the Kaffirs and the Zulus, up to the very gates of hell, the Salvation Army was fighting for the souls of men."

"When he was here three years ago," the General said, "the Army was at work in forty countries; now they were engaged in forty-five. Then it had 3,200 societies in these countries; now it had 5,872; an increase of 2,672. Three years ago there were a little over 11,000 officers; to-day there are over 15,000. Three years ago there were 35,000 local unpaid officers; now there were 41,000. There were held weekly 44,500 indoor, and 31,000 outdoor meetings, with an average attendance of 5,500,000. There were sixty training homes, with one hundred and forty schools, and the Army had fifty-one newspapers and magazines, published in eighteen different languages, and having a weekly circulation of nearly a million copies."

ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

"In connection with the social side of the Army's work, he looked upon it that there were three worlds—the pauper, the vicious, and the criminal, in the latter of which multitudes of men and women lay under the power, as it were, of the law, coming under the heel of that society whose business it ought to be to help them out of their wickedness, but which, in self-defence, was compelled to hold them down. This was a wrong principle. If a man was down he should be assisted to his feet; he ought to have a chance. A chance was given to a horse, even to a dog. If a horse slipped on a highway, he was helped to his feet. If, then, a man should slip on the highway of life, why not do as much for him?"

"When the social branch of the Army's work was started everything had to be learned. Men and women had to be not who could teach industries to others; and then there was the more difficult task of finding men and women who knew how to take hold of men and women as brothers and sisters, neither patronizing them on the one hand nor odious and coaxing them on the other. During the seven years that had elapsed since, four hundred and fifteen separate institutions had been established in different parts of the world, conducted and managed by fourteen hundred officers, fully half of whom had been themselves rescued. Not a day passed but people

FROM TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME

Academy of Music where 800 people were being held spell-bound by the General's matchless and arrow-like preaching on Death, and Judgment, and Eternity.

But back to the chronological order of things.

The morning's meeting was well attended and eight came forward, including a soldier who testified very stoutly God's call to sacrifice the night before. The afternoon's meeting was mighty. The General was merciless in his description of the people who held the world in one hand and tried to keep Christianity in the other. The gentleman with whom the General was billeted declared it to be the most fearless exposition of truth he had ever listened to. The sight of the people as they sat nailed by the power of God to their seats, was at times oppressive. Three yielded. "I wonder even at that number doing so," remarked an officer in a spirit which we have no wish to impugn. "For the Christianity which the General has been calling the people to embrace is almost foreign to what they are taught, and I mean no reflection on anyone; the General preached it as a possibility; others as an ideal."

Perhaps there is something in what the officer said, but there was no consolation to the spirit in it. The General is only consoled by results, and three out of seven hundred people is not a proportion to elate our leader. He saved his arm, so to speak, for the evening battle.

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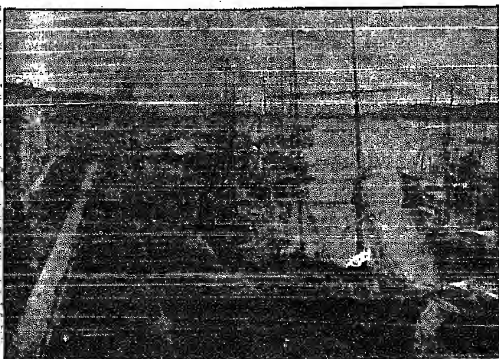
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VIEW OF MONTREAL HARBOR.

the cost of the game
the drunkard, not c

PETERBORO.

**THE GENERAL'S SPEECH RECEIVES
SEAMLESS ATTENTION.**

The Opera House Resounds with Enthusiasm.

Wednesday, March 9th
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Thursday, March 10th.
SPOKANE, Wash.

Saturday and Sunday, March 12th and 13th. Auditorium.
WINNIPEG, Man.

Wednesday and Thursday, March 16th and 17th.

referring to the Army's mistakes—"the man that never made a mistake, never made anything." His Lordship made also some very pertinent observations, such as that there had been a great deal of cant spoken and written against the E. A. The public had made a mistake about the Army. It had found out that the Army was doing good work, and hence public opinion—which the General afterwards satirised for its fickleness—was to say almost universal on the side of that good work.

The General's speech describes to take rank and file his finest. His voice was in strong and clear condition, and although he spoke for one solid hour and a half, not a person deserted his or her place, and not an eye was diverted from his movements on the platform. Prominent, concise and effective in arrangement, concise and clear in statement, and emphasis and facts, fiercely eloquent in his declarations of the folly and extravagance of punishment as a means of reformation, logical in argument, heart-rending in appeals to our humanity and soul-convicting in its denunciations of the power by which the deeds of the Army were accomplished—his speech was a torrent that carried everything and everyone before it.

General's words were strikingly true. The cul argument on killing incident followed each other in quick succession in the next few days. The General was continually turning the same old case into a new one. Some of some conscience sentence straight into some conscience, sometimes saint, sometimes sinner. The General gave truly a word of counsel and warning to his own people—few went from the pulpit without a word of support of his spiritual anatomy riddled with the General's bullets of fiery searchlight of perdition was inspired. In the light of the General's illustration, we saw the vital soul necessities which had brought Christ to Calvary. The General's words and exhortations and exhortations the individual sacrifice of every Christ follower and soul server—The General's words and exhortations carried his vast and almost boundless audience within sound of golden harp and angelic songs, and showed afresh to the General's people that the General cannot if for one soul's salvation be any other than eternally worth while.

asked Lord Aberdeen, as he rose to close this truly wonderful meeting. The Doxology was started, whether by His Excellency or by Colonel Lawley it would be hard to say. The grand old praise songs burst with new feeling from heart and citizen, ecclesiastic and Salvationist.

Next morning found the General, the Field Commissioner and staff again on board the cars, this time en route for Peterboro, leaving behind hundreds of Ottawas hearts beating hotter towards the Army and the Army's General. Adj. Gen. and his soldier staff who worked unflinchingly for the success have every reason to feel full of joy. And they do!

Victoria, B. C.—Since the New Year we have had many changes. Capt. Bowers and Lieut. Gains, who for some months worked faithfully in our midst, have gone to other corps, and Ensign Stevens and Lieut. Krell take their places. With God's help we are striving to extend His Kingdom here in spite of difficulty. One soul came out for salvation and two were enrolled as soldiers, also one bandisale transferred into the Sunkir corps. Several are making good. Our audience has been going out swelling, but the more still many who are not on the Lord's side, and we are praying that soon we shall see their saved and happy.—A. E. T.

RESTERBORO appears a town of considerable good taste, common sense, and to have the courage of its convictions. In short it loves and imparts the Salvation Army. The local corps is well worthy

of the citizens' trust—a glance into the faces of the gallant Salvation militia which guarded the railway depot left no doubt about it. The platform was blocked all wanted to squeeze where only the few could possibly stand. The crowd, close to the particular car from which the General was to alight. What seemed a great number of people came out—on foot with bags and bundles of all sorts, sizes and conditions. The exit of luggage and staff seemed interminable, though in reality it occupied not more than three brief minutes. The patience of the crowd was tried. The excitement increased. At last he came—the long-looked-for well-beloved General, preceded by his warrior daughter, the Field Commissioneer. Peterboro's pent-up enthusiasm found relief in three hearty volleys, which followed the General to his carriage. Cheers and shouts of welcome eagerly clamored, because the crowd did not want the General audibly acknowledged their welcomes, and spoke only for his visit to the city.

was highly enthusiastic. A good crowd filled its decorated precincts, Peterboro's variations of Auld, Day and the possession of the stage, and the ringing of the salvation volleys superseded the echoes of the organ. The most likely resounded after the hall's previous night's occupation—viz., a political rally. The opera house became a Salvation bazaar. The Peterboro men were more freedom of salvation enthusiasm and had there but time there to be. The opening of a penitent form at the close of the evening would have resulted in some definite salvation scenes.

The chairman, Mr. Stratton, who also entertained the General during his Peterboro visit, made a happy and partook the audience's speech. He laughingly said that if the General were so general in his insubordination, he should only have to call to his assistance the greatest General of the world. The General, however, there was no city where the General held in warmer sympathy and well-


When the loud cheering began which greeted his striding up, had subsided, the General thanked the warm-hearted and their enthusiastic reception. "The Bible is the key to act when people quarrel us," he said, but what are we to do when people believe in General's theme was the Salvation Army's theme was and developing aspect. His word received an eager hearing. A Petrobróbo man, who was saying that he never remembered having breathless attention in an Opera House and the man who was saying excited to enthusiasm by the strait- varnished recital of valiant deeds done caught a like each with a flag, and quickly vincible turn. The General had the feelings of the large audience at his will—one of the most beautiful of his heart—albeit some with ruelful conscience word picture of "Sunday paints and weak with a dream." The next they were listening with a dream, and the General's description of the various methods by which the Salvation Army seeks to straight at his heart. "Some-times we go to the heart of the people, and sometimes we go round by his body,

The General was capably anxious to have had a meeting with the faithful band of Peterboro Salvationists, but this was impossible. However, despite the lateness of the hour and his own fatigue, the General was on his feet again before the close of the meeting to speak a few words to the soldiers. With one of his apt illustrations, he enforced the fact that although he had no time to tell them all "they knew him."

ent and Crowded Meeting in the
Union Methodist Church.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL, IN THE
GRADE

**Significant and Enthusiastic Audience
Significant Speech by the General-
Aberdeen on the Change of
Public Opinion Towards
THE ARMY.**


 LL on board for Klon-
 dyke" shouted the con-
 ductor as the General's
 train was ready to move
 out of Montreal depot on
 Thursday a. m. There
 was some force in the
 humorous call, for four-
 men and women on board were
 for the latest Eli Dorado, and one
 se-publish it not in Gath-was a
 idee from an English corps of the
 lon Army.
 this did I think I should meet the

"Here," he said in a voice of sinuosity. "The last time I heard the old man was in the Free Trade Hall of Manchester."

"Is there no doubt," I ventured to ask, "stop you plunging into ruin, putting my hand on his shoulder, I don't want to say, 'come and see the light,' when he rushed into the smoke and refused to budge. 'It's no use,' he said as he waved his hand. If your correspondent failed on the Ottawa, there is some consolation in the fact that among the first to be met will meet this backslider in Dawson City will be the son of an army."

General conferred with the Field Station on important Territorial matters to the way to the Capital. The Governor had the local Agricultural Commissioner and the Chief of Police. There was a great crowd who had been waiting a considerable time in order of receiving our venerable leader in the direction of the saloon where he had a room. The Governor, The Secretary to His Excellency, the Governor of the Dominion, Earl Arden and Ald. Cluff and Senator Clegg representing the corporation of the City of Vancouver.

Mayor approached the General, and a few words expressed a hearty welcome to the Capital City, and the General returned the Mayor's words for his character, and the work which he and his co-workers had effected among the most neglected and poorest classes of the community, the General's executive capacity and efficiency, the Governor General's interest for the General's health and the interest of his visit. He also handed the Mayor a letter from the Hon. the Minister of Agriculture and Counties of Aberdeen to the Hon. at Government House in the City of Vancouver.

General suddenly acknowledged expressions of good-will, and to the happy recollection he still had of his previous visit to Ottawa. He hoped that this one would exceed profit and blessing.

Accompanied by the Field Commissioner, he went forth from the platform of the Civic Centre. The appearance of the General was the occasion of a loyal ovation especially from the officers and men who after all have the premier to thank for their gladness and triumph over their triumphant leader. General waved his hat, and returned to the ship.

Not back to bondage shall thy footsteps
slide,
Thy life no more be spoiled by sin,
His blood will keep thee every hour,
All pure within.
Weary one.

The Paths of Sin.

Tune—Wonderful words of life.
Once I wandered away from God,
Down in the paths of sin,
Trampled then on my Saviour's
blood.
Down in the paths of sin,
The road was rough and dreary,
My life was sad and weary,
No pleasure had I, but many a sigh,
Down in the paths of sin.

Chorus.

My sins rose high as a mountain,
But hark! a voice in my ear doth sound,
"Turn from the paths of sin,
Behold, for there's a ransom found,
Turn from the paths of sin,"
I listened to the pleading
Of a Saviour interceding,
cried, "Lord, forgive, and for Thee I'll
live,
I'll turn from the paths of sin."

Backslider and sinner, wherever you be
Turn from the paths of sin,
Jesus is willing to set you free,
Turn from the paths of sin,
Come, ye heavy laden,
Come, with all your burden,
You'll not be denied, for you Jesus died,
Turn from the paths of sin.

J. S. Flaws, Liout.

Salute in Jesus.

Tunes—Calcutta (B. J., 28, 2). Hark the
voice (B. J., 51, 1); Helmes (B. J.,
147, 2); I love Jesus (B. J., 128, 3).

Fly, ye sinners, to yon mountain,
There the purple stream does
flow.
There you'll find an open Fountain
That will wash you white as snow.
Oh, come quickly, and its cleansing vir-
tues know.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him,
You feel it, come and cast your soul
on Him.

Come, ye guilty, heavy laden,
Cursed and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till your better
You will never come at all;
Of the righteous: sinners Jesus came
to call.

Richly flows the Crimson River
When our great Redeemer died;
And that blood will you deliver,
Whosoever 'tis applied,
Free salvation flows from Jesus' wounded
side.

Repent and Be Saved.

Tunes—We'll all shout hal'lujah (B. J.,
28, 2); slowly, the chorus is for the
tune; Ready to die (B. J., 10, 2); Are
you washed (B. J., 210, 2); The Sav-
our stands waiting (B. J., 17, 1); Just
like Him (B. J., 122, 1).

With a sorrow for sin
Must repentance begin,
Thou conversion of course will
draw nigh.
But till washed in the blood
Of the crucified Lord,
You will never be ready to die.

Chorus.

Every sinner, seek salvation,
Hasten, lest you be too late;
The time is flying fast,
And your life will soon be past,
Turn from sin and enter Mercy's gate.

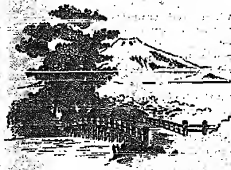
And that your may succeed,
Come along with all speed,
O Saviour who will not deny:
Tell Him plainly in brief
That for sin you feel grief,
And you long to be ready to die.

We've His word and His oath,
And His blood seals them both,
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie:
If you do not delay,
But repent with you may,
He will soon make you ready to die.

When the fight we have done,
And the victory won,
To mansions in glory shall fly:
There eternally praise
The best Ancient of Days,
Or His love made us ready to die.

Record Breaking and Record Making in Japan.

BY MRS. COLONEL BAILEY.



JAPANESE VIEW
Looking the Sacred Mountain, Fuji-san, in the
distance.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS have indeed been of a very out-of-the-ordinary character.
To begin with, they were held, not in a great city, but in a little country town, some seventy miles out of Tokyo, where the Army had never before appeared.
The Colonel had decided to commence things work, and thought no time more precious than to hold three-day special meetings, officers' counsels, etc. in the very place where the new corps was to be opened.

As may be imagined, the presence of some thirty officers in the small place made be little stir.

Especially was this the case when the news spread that the theatre was being taken possession of for the three days by the strange folks, calling themselves a Army. People came in crowds—a soldier and unique sight. The Chief of the Police and the head man of the district were there. The coolie, farmer and all laborer came along. Mothers with babies on their backs, young men, old men, women and children crowded to the doors, some able to get in and others only to hear "Too late! Full up! You can't get in to-night!"

Ensign Newcomb and her Cadets had worked hard in making preliminary arrangements, and all rejoiced over the words already won both at the opening meetings and at the meetings held since. Such a lot of unusual things happened. To begin with, just as all arrangements were in hand and the meetings were to start on the following Monday, lo and behold, at five o'clock on Saturday morning a cable arrived instructing our Chief Secretary, Brindley Forsell, to sail the following day (Sunday) on a boat leaving at nine o'clock in the morning. Isn't that record-breaking with a vengeance?

On the eve of a special campfire, without any previous intimation, and in the important position of Chief Secretary for the Territory, he sails for an appointment in a new country four thousand miles away!

Twenty-eight Hours' Holiday!



A DOMESTIC "GREAT EVENT"—THE NEW BABY.

Can any country beat this for despatch?
Please let's hear from you.

The object lesson of a good man thus leaving a loved country and people at a moment's warning, was not without its helpful results upon officers and soldiers alike.

Another starter came from the "Band." Two weeks before the Anniversary meetings a great clearing and polishing of brass instruments took place, and the Japanese led officers about Tokyo began to learn to play. How to sound the notes they knew not. Yet a fortnight later they marched out at the special meetings as a real creditable band with a considerable number of tunes from which they can select.

Another innovation was the making of a slight charge of the door for admission fee. This was heartily given and the new corps organized with, at any rate, ambition to do something, however



A LEISURELY CONFER.

little towards the support of the work in their midst.

A rather amusing incident occurred in the first meeting. The singing was going well, the band playing, the officers were enthusiastic—must I tell it—a few

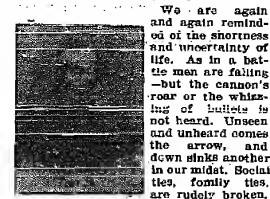


AN AGGATTO OPERATION.

WAR CRY PLATFORM.

CAPTAIN MCGILL.

Life's Short Day.



pectedly. We see the widow's tears, we hear the orphan's cry, and we know the fatal dart has done its work.

Men of Yesterday are Missing To-day.

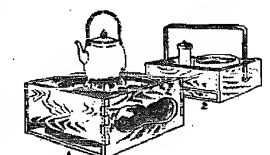
Gone never to return. A deep spiritual sleep rests upon many. They do not realize what has happened. A dull stupor appears to beset the mind. They dream, dream of long life, wealth, happiness when in a moment the hand of death is upon them.

It is an awful thing to die. The sinner shrinks back—he takes a hurried review of life, he peers in a wild way into the future, he starts back against the prospect. But life ebbs out, as darkness gathers around him.

His Struggles Become Fainter.

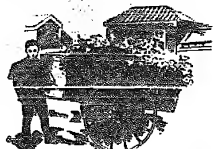
The voices of his friends die away. He is alone. Oh, what a moment! Not one cheering thought, not one ray of hope, darkness and terror overwhelm. There we leave him. Oh, how awful to die this way! However bitter sin may make life here, it will be worse yonder. Oh, man, wake up! Soon on Time's swift-flowing river you will be borne to the mouth and will pass out into the great unbounded ocean of eternity. The probation of earth over. Will it be wrath or bliss—Hell or Heaven? Which?

MCGILL.



JAPANESE COOKING RANGE.

Letters are constantly received (at our Social Reform Institution for Men, Winnipeg) from different parts of the world testifying to the good done apart from religious work. Adjt. Cass had yesterday before him a large pile that had accumulated during the last two months. One was from a young man at Crookston, who formerly had a good position but lost it through drink and afterwards being led back to sobriety through the influence of the Army, regained prosperity to such an extent that he is now getting \$50 a month. Another letter was from Copenhagen, Denmark, who inquired for her husband; he was found in Macleod. —News Bulletin, Winnipeg.



JAPANESE FLOWER SELLER.

AUNTIE WRIGHT

A Faint, white, and very old, woman, with a determined expression on her face, and a determination to go through it, if it meant anything, she was the first to see.

Before she could say a word, she was in the Mas's place, and under the cover of the darkness secured and harnessed a horse to a sort of light democrat. Then she went to a farm some distance where her husband was working. She would not go without telling him. But even there her independent spirit shows itself. "I've a-gwine, you can be as you please." He at once resolved to accompany her, though he, being free, might have left in a less dangerous way. She proved his noble love for his wife and told her they would go together.

For Better or Worse

How to get just as far away as possible before pursuit, was the all-absorbing thing.

The horse's head was again turned from home, and they made the best of their way off. Driving in the verge of the town, they tied the horse to a tree and stole quietly through the silent streets. Now again a pause. There are two roads—on the main road, the best and nearest; the other a poorer road, less travelled but further. The long way round was chosen. On they hurried, through the heavy hours of morning, with loud beating hearts and bated breath. It seemed as though every leaf, or crackling branch beneath their feet, would betray them. Only when the sun's rays penetrated their path did they pause to rest, being as near as they could judge about twenty-five miles from the starting point.

That they would require food, had been entirely forgotten in the excitement of the start, and all day they hid in the woods, not daring to venture out in quest of food. The long hours at length passed, and as soon as darkness once

again protected them, they made the best of their way. The road was very dark, many a stumble was made; yet the fugitives tried not, for were they not every step that much nearer freedom. Oh, would it ever be free!

Three days passed, in hiding, their rights in

before they dared even to look the way—only under foot.

"But I won't hunger so much," says Auntie Wright, "my heart was in my mouth, do whole blessed time!"

At length they approached a dwelling, and, guided by him whose ear was open to the cry of the oppressed, it was to a Quaker they had appealed for help and refuge. They were sent to a white field for hiding, and a substantial meal provided. It was while here they first saw Hattie's Master riding along the road. Evidently he was making inquiries, but the Quaker and his family were true to their trust. They were now on the fair way to freedom, and so to liberty, and hence receiving food and friendly counsel, their flagging spirits revived. They were directed where to go to find friends along their way.

Once again were they to realize that a hunt was made for them, and very narrow was their escape from discovery. At night, plodding along a lonely piece of road, when their quickened ears caught a sound of horse's hoofs in the distance.

Sush! It was not Doll that Mrs. Chambers rides. Aunt Hattie thinks she would have known Doll's plume-pat-af-at among a thousand. No time to lose.

Dear the Friend There, Quick!

Yes, they were on the other side at last, but—horror—what is this? Hattie found herself among a bed of snakes. In the dim moonlight she saw one head slowly raised, as if in astonishment at the intrusion, but for her life she dared not move again.

On they came, Mrs. Chambers and old

Doll, and when almost in front of the fugitives, the horse started to the side of the road, behind, snuffing in the air. Her rider little suspecting what Hattie believed to be the cause of its manoeuvre bade it "Get out of this!" It was no small relief when the horse and rider had moved from their dangerous neighborhood. It is well known that these woods were inhabited by

Venomous Serpents.

And the escape of Hattie and her husband without harm, she attributes to him who closed the "long" mouth, and that of the serpent "Paul" took off in the first.

Once in the Quaker settlement their greatest danger was over. The "Friends" provided for their needs and often assisted them on their way.

Work was given them, and they remained, with an assumed name, for some weeks near Albany. Doing well said for their work, and having been so long since commencing their journey, it was thought safe to finish the run on the train.

All went well till reaching the Border line the Conductor passing through the car, eyed them very closely, and asked them if they knew Aunt Chambers. Their frightened faces were a sufficient answer: "He's in the next car, and enquired if there were any."

Niggers on this Train.

"I'll tell him 'No'!"

The Conductor berated them, and though this peculiar circumstance, was nearly the destruction of all their bright, and prospects and well-earned liberty, they were again delivered.

One can almost see them as they steamed across the Border line, drinking in the sweet, pure, free air of sweet Canada. They were free! Oh, how glad the thought—but were they free? What then meant those heavy chains? Why were they not left behind? Slaves still! Sitter bondage! Hard, selling still!

(To be Continued.)

No wonder the War Cry gets very few stories from the workers on the field. They are too busy making history to write it. One such says in a letter: "I began to write something while I was fasting, but I was so sick I could not think straight. Before my brain would work I was back to the platform again. My half-written story lies in the desk along with many other half-done things all around me." The Editor would be hard-hearted indeed who could not accept such an excuse as the above.

ADJUTANT McHILLIVRAY.

—SOME THINGS HE SAYS—

REPORTED BY H.

He doesn't like much to darken the souls' experience.

When God sanctified me He emptied me of about thirty cart-loads of theology.

Can I be honest and refuse to testify that Jesus has saved me?

Behind every victorious life there's a grave—something sacrificed, dead, dead.

Hiding behind God's difficulties that way mountains high—specifically melt to molten hills.

There's nothing like living, saving knowledge of the personal saving and keeping power of the Son of God.

God is not very real to a lot of his professed followers—they don't know where they are at half the time.

The devil never left a man or woman of his own accord—he's got to be driven away.

One a person waits in a hour light, a life when an unmistakable call has come to enter a fuller life.

If you sow sin, you'll reap a bountiful harvest; but if you sow good, you will also reap a bountiful harvest.

If laboring for souls my whole lifetime is going to mean for me one smile from my Saviour in Heaven, gladly will I endure and toil and suffer.

The devil doesn't care how much persecution I've got, if he can only keep me from testifying and confessing it. That's his game.

If a child handles charcoal there will be smut on its hands—and, as sure as a Christian indulges in anything questionable, he'll be smutted.

A friend once told me about himself. He said, "When working at my trade I used to look ahead eagerly, longingly, for 8 o'clock. Afterwards I became a partner in the business, and then those longings ceased. Lots of Christians long for 8 o'clock, who, if partners in the business, would live by faith, trusting Him day by day."

Thanksgiving is not as general as it should be. The farmer often goes around with thump in mouth, lamenting his misfortunes instead of thanking the Great Giver for what he does enjoy. No wonder, his grain doesn't grow. The wonder is it doesn't grow from the other way, or isn't all thistle.

A captain engaged a pilot to take him into the harbor at night. He was the best pilot there. The captain remarked that he probably knew every rock and shoal in those waters. The pilot replied, "I don't know where the rocks are, but I know where they are not." That's it. Keep away from the rocks of danger.

There is not much desperation on the side of truth and God, but a very great deal on the side of the devil. He's playing his cards right well. It's an appalling thing in this 19th century, that the Church of God dare not step out and renounce sin, high and low. The ungodly rule, because they've got the almighty dollar. God helping me, I've made up my mind, I'll be honest in any purpose to tell the whole truth of God.

A certain minister put up at a hotel once for 7 days. On leaving he asked for a reduction in his bill on a count of his calling. The landlord said he would speak to his wife about it. He soon returned, that having conferred with his better half, they found that he (the minister) had never proved with them, he didn't even ask a blessing, didn't in short show his colors; and as he had carried himself like a sinner, and as he had the sinner's bill, he would have to pay like a sinner. Show your colors whenever you go.

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